

COMIC  
BOOK  
SECTION

THE STAR-LEDGER  
NEWARK, N.J.

3 COMPLETE  
STORIES

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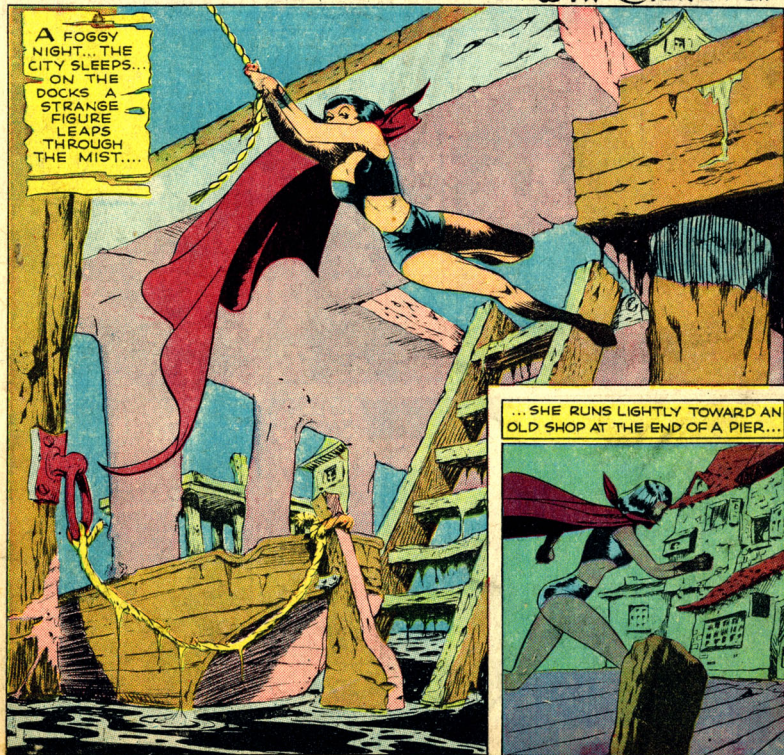
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1940

# THE SPIRIT

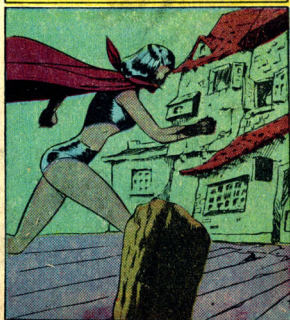
FROM AN UNDERGROUND HIDEAWAY IN WILDWOOD CEMETERY, DENNY COLT, LONG BELIEVED DEAD, OPERATES AGAINST CRIME. AS THE SPIRIT HE RELENTLESSLY FIGHTS INJUSTICE AND EVIL.....

BY WILL EISNER

A FOGGY NIGHT... THE CITY SLEEPS... ON THE DOCKS A STRANGE FIGURE LEAPS THROUGH THE MIST....



... SHE RUNS LIGHTLY TOWARD AN OLD SHOP AT THE END OF A PIER...





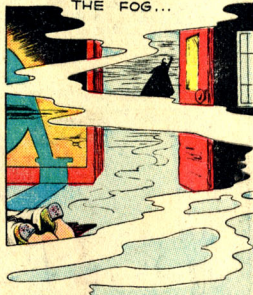


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AND WITH THE SILENCE OF A CAT SHE DISAPPEARS INTO THE FOG...





IN A SECLUDED ROOM, THE BLACK QUEEN CHUCKLES OVER A NEWSPAPER....

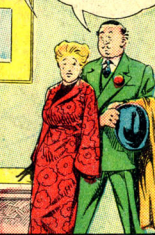


STUPID FOOLS!

THE FOLLOWING DAY.. AT THE HOME OF ABNER AMES, WEALTHY JEWELER



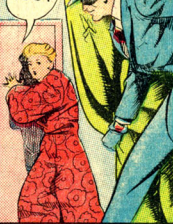
I'M SORRY, MARTHA... I WANT A DIVORCE... I..I'M IN LOVE WITH ANOTHER WOMAN!



AS THE DOOR CLOSES, A FAMILIAR FIGURE STEPS INTO THE ROOM



SHHH... I AM THE SPIRIT!



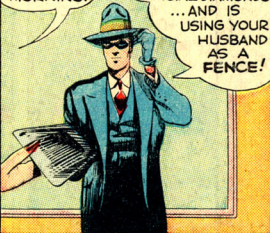
I'VE HEARD OF YOU... YOU'VE HELPED OTHERS... PERHAPS YOU CAN HELP ME.

PERHAPS! BUT FIRST YOU MUST HELP ME. DO YOU KNOW WHO THE OTHER WOMAN IS?



NO. THE ONLY CLUE I HAVE IS THIS CARD ABNER GOT THIS MORNING.

A QUEEN OF SPADES! THE BLACK QUEEN!! THEN SHE KILLED KEIL... TOOK HIS FORMULA FOR MAKING ARTIFICIAL DIAMONDS ... AND IS USING YOUR HUSBAND AS A FENCE!



IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY...

BUT, WHY ARE WE FOLLOWING AMES, CHIEF?

O'ROURKE, YOU'RE THICK! KEIL WAS THE INVENTOR OF A LIQUID THAT WOULD TURN COAL INTO DIAMONDS... WHO ELSE WOULD KILL HIM, BUT A JEWELER? BESIDES, AMES JUST SOLD A BATCH OF JEWELRY...

I STILL THINK IT'S THE SPIRIT!



MEANWHILE

SO, ABNER! IT'S YOU, AT LAST! DID YOU SELL THOSE DIAMONDS?



Y-YES! QUICK, CLOSE THE DOOR... THE COPS ARE AFTER ME!

WHAT?? COPS?? FOOL!



Y-YOU'RE NOT ANGRY WITH ME?



SUDDENLY...

DON'T KISS HER... IF YOU WANT TO LIVE!



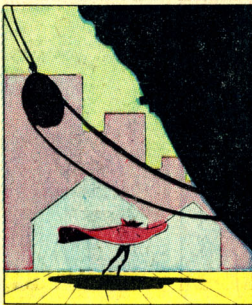


WITH A PANTHER-LIKE LEAP THE BLACK QUEEN SWINGS TO THE ROOF....

AND SHE IS OFF ACROSS THE WATERFRONT, INTO THE GATHERING DUSK....

AS THE SPIRIT IS ABOUT TO FOLLOW....

YOU CAUGHT ME ONCE BEFORE, SPIRIT... BUT THIS TIME...



HOLD ON, SPIRIT... PUT UP YOUR HANDS!

DOLAN!

YAH! I TOLD YA THE SPIRIT WAS BEHIND ALL THIS!

SHUT UP, FATTY!

THIS LOOKS BAD, SPIRIT... VERY BAD!

LOOK HERE, DOLAN... YOU'RE LETTING THE BLACK QUEEN GET AWAY, BY HOLDING ME HERE!

BLACK QUEEN? I THOUGHT SHE WAS DEAD!

LOOK, CHIEF! AMES HAS A POCKET FULL OF DIAMONDS... THAT PROVES HE'S THE KILLER!

HE'S NOT!! DOLAN, I'LL MAKE A BARGAIN WITH YOU... IF I BRING IN THE REAL KILLER, WITH PROOF... WILL YOU RELEASE AMES?

IT'S A TRICK, CHIEF!!

I'LL TRUST HIM... O.K., SPIRIT! I'LL GIVE YOU 12 HOURS TO DO IT!

A SECOND LATER THE SPIRIT IS AWAY, IN PURSUIT OF THE BLACK QUEEN



THROUGH ALLEYS...



BENEATH DOCKS....

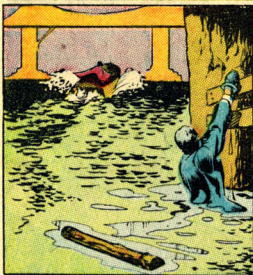
IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, SHE'LL BE HIDING HERE. IT WOULD BE EASY FOR HER TO GET DOWN-RIVER AND ESCAPE IN THE FOG!







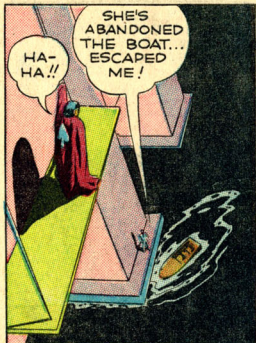
GAINING A MOMENT'S ADVANTAGE, THE BLACK QUEEN HEADS ACROSS THE RIVER IN A POWER BOAT....



SHE'S CIRCLING TOWARD THE BRIDGE... IF I CAN BEAT HER TO IT....



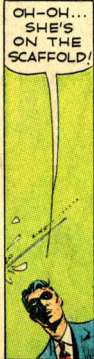
HA-HA!! SHE'S ABANDONED THE BOAT... ESCAPED ME!



I CAN PICK HIM OFF LIKE A RABBIT FROM HERE!



OH-OH... SHE'S ON THE SCAFFOLD!

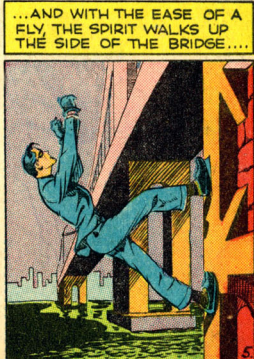


FROM HIS POCKET, THE SPIRIT REMOVES COMPACT RUBBER SHOES....

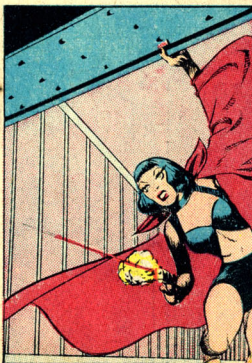
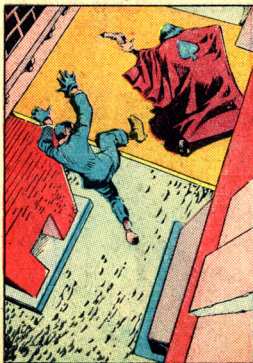
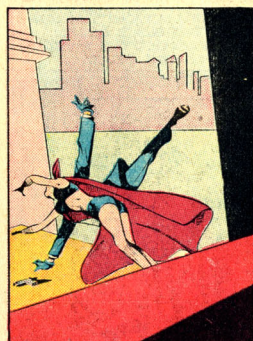
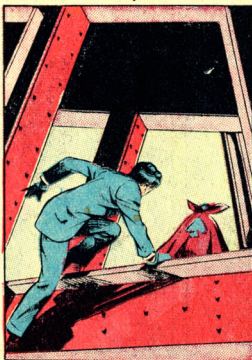
THESE VACUUM CUP BOTTOMS WILL HELP ME GET UP!



...AND WITH THE EASE OF A FLY, THE SPIRIT WALKS UP THE SIDE OF THE BRIDGE....

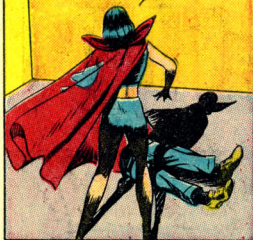








HE'S WOUNDED / AT  
LAST THE GREAT SPIRIT  
IS DEFEATED... AND HE  
SHALL DIE BY THE  
KISS OF DEATH!



CLOSER... CLOSER... THE  
BLACK QUEEN COMES... HER  
SCARLET LIPS POUTING....



SUDDENLY THE SPIRIT'S ARM  
SHOOTS OUT....



I HATE TO HIT  
A LADY... BUT  
YOU'VE HAD  
IT COMING!

LATER..

HERE, DOLAN,  
HERE'S YOUR  
KILLER... THE  
BLACK QUEEN!  
OH... OH...



HE'S  
WOUNDED... GET A  
DOCTOR, O'ROURKE...  
AND LOCK UP  
THE BLACK  
QUEEN!



LATER  
AFTER  
RECEIV-  
ING  
FIRST  
AID,  
THE  
SPIRIT  
REGAINS  
CON-  
SCIOUS-  
NESS..



YOU  
ALRIGHT  
NOW,  
SPIRIT?  
TELL ME,  
HOW DID  
SHE KILL  
KEIL?

POISON  
COATING  
ON HER  
LIPS...  
KISSED  
HER  
VICTIMS!  
BEING MEN,  
THEY WORE  
NO LIPSTICK  
AS PROTECTION,  
BUT SHE DID!

IT WAS MURDER... COLD AND EFFECTIVE,  
AND I SUPPOSE SHE'LL GET THE  
DEATH PENALTY... FUNNY HOW ONE  
HATES TO BRING A WOMAN TO  
JUSTICE, NO MATTER HOW VICIOUS  
SHE IS... BY GODFREY, I HOPE SHE  
BEATS THE CHAIR  
ANYWAY....



NOT A  
CHANCE,  
O' SPIRIT!

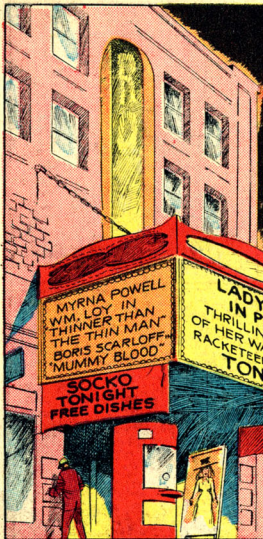
OH, COMMISSIONER  
DOLAN! THE BLACK  
QUEEN HAS JUST  
COMMITTED SUICIDE  
IN HER CELL!



SHE  
DID  
BEAT THE  
CHAIR!





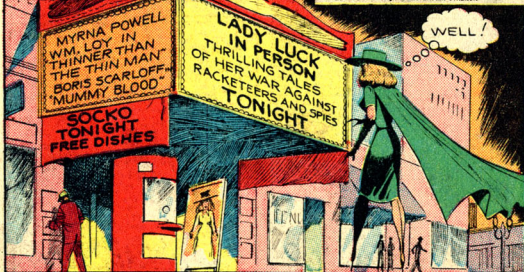


SNUBBING SOCIETY AS TOO DULL AND STODGY, BRENDA BANKS, DEBUTANTE, LOADS HER AUTOMATIC AND LAUNCHES A ONE-WOMAN CRUSADE AGAINST CRIME, VICE AND INJUSTICE, AS THE MYSTERIOUS LADY LUCK.

# LADY LUCK

By Ford Davis

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IN THE THEATRE MANAGER'S OFFICE.....



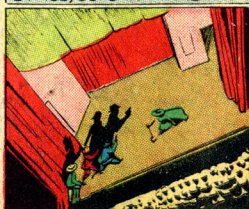
THAT NIGHT, THE IMPERSONATOR PLAYS TO A PACKED HOUSE..



IN THE BALCONY LADY LUCK CHUCKLES..



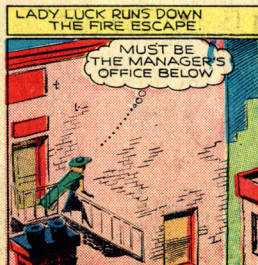
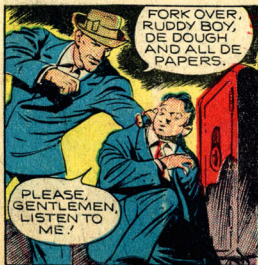
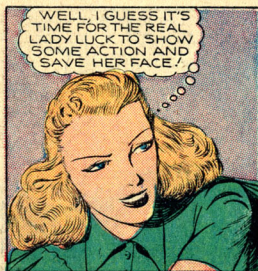
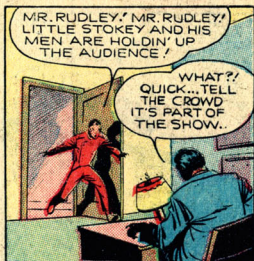
BUT SUDDENLY THE STORY IS INTERRUPTED AS THREE MEN RUSH OUT ON THE STAGE, GUNS IN HAND.







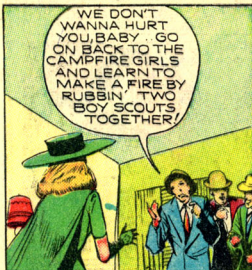
THE AUDIENCE IS GETTING A BIG KICK OUT OF THIS, THEY THINK IT'S A GREAT ACT, UNTIL...



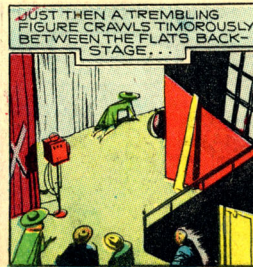




LADY LUCK MAKES IT CLEAR THAT SHE ISN'T KIDDING . . .



HER BULLETS SPEAK PLAIN ENGLISH . . .

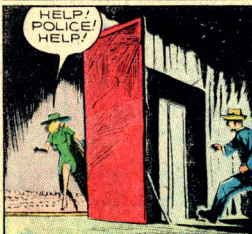




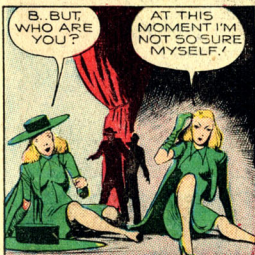
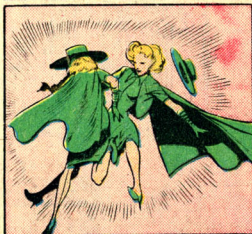
THE GANGSTERS LEAP AFTER THE FRIGHTENED ACTRESS...



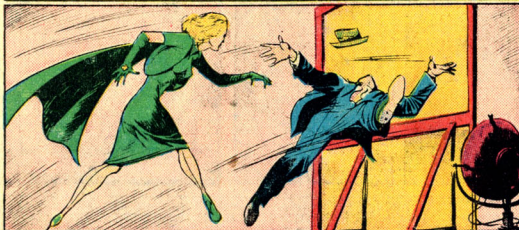
SHE CHASES OUT ACROSS THE STAGE...



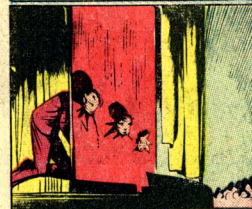
SUDDENLY LADY LUCK MEETS LADY LUCK!



THIS TIME THERE IS NO QUESTION AS TO WHO IS WHO, AS THE REAL LADY LUCK GOES INTO ACTION!



IN A FEW MOMENTS THE CROOKS ARE PILLORIED BEFORE THE LAUGHING AUDIENCE...





# Mr. Mystic

By W. Morgan Thomas



MR. MYSTIC, AN AMERICAN MAGICIAN WITH EXTRAORDINARY POWER, DEVOTES HIS LIFE TO SOLVING FANTASTIC CASES.

IN THE YEAR 1240 A.D., RINLO DE MEEKE, A BRILLIANT EXPERIMENTALIST WITH THE BASER METALS IN A TIRELESS SEARCH FOR A FORMULA FOR MAKING GOLD!

Distributed by Republic and Tribune Syndicates

**GOLD!** I'VE DISCOVERED HOW TO MAKE GOLD!



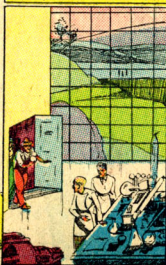
MY RICHES WILL BE GREAT! MY FAME WILL BE WORLDWIDE! I MUST WRITE DOWN THE FORMULA, LEST I FORGET IT!



I MUST WRITE IT IN BLOOD, AND ATTACH A CURSE SO THAT DEATH WILL CLAIM WHOEVER TRIES TO STEAL MY FORMULA!



ONE DAY A GROUP OF WORKMEN UNCOVER IT AND RUSH TO PROF. MEEK, ARCHAEOLOGIST.

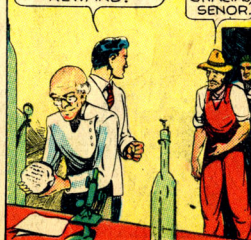


WE FIND THEES DEATH'S HEAD IN DITCH WE DIG. IS IT ANY GOOD?



THE SKULL OF RINLO! WHY MAN, THIS IS WORTH A FORTUNE!

YOU FELLOWS COME BACK TOMORROW. IF IT'S THE SKULL WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR, YOU'LL GET A REWARD!

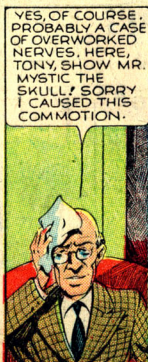
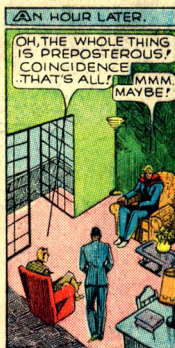
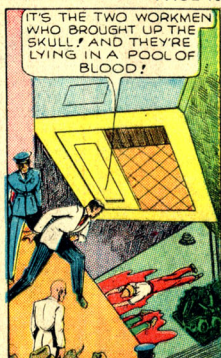
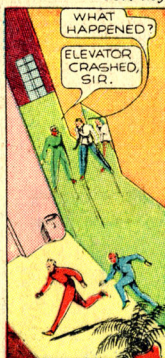
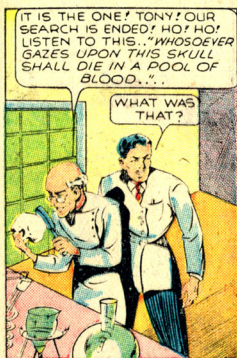


GRACIAS SENOR.



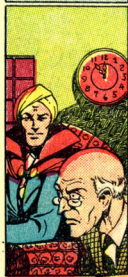
AFTER THE DEATH OF THE ALCHEMIST THE SKULL LIES BURIED AND FORGOTTEN FOR CENTURIES.







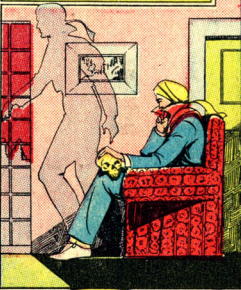
SUDDENLY MEEK'S EYES SEEM TO POP FROM HIS HEAD AND HE FIXES AN ICY STARE ON TONY.



SOMETHING'S UP! ONE OF THESE MEN IS GOING TO DIE, BUT WHICH ONE? THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT.... GO INTO THE PAST!



APPARENTLY SITTING IN DEEP THOUGHT, MR. MYSTIC SENDS HIS ASTRAL BODY INTO THE FOURTH DIMENSION AND BACK INTO TIME.....



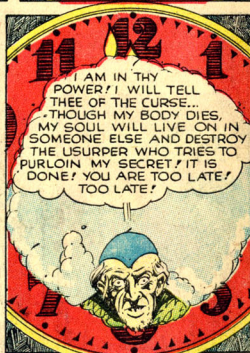
WITH BUT FIVE MINUTES TO GO UNTIL DEATH STRIKES, MR. MYSTIC ENTERS THE LABORATORY OF RINLO DE MEEK. THE YEAR, 1240 A.D.



WHY SHOULD I TELL THEE? WHO ART THOU? WHERE FROM DOST THOU COME?



I CAN'T WASTE TIME TALKING TO YOU! THERE'S ONLY TWO MINUTES LEFT! TELL ME! I COMMAND YOU!



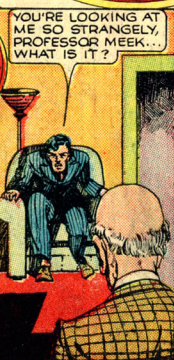
I AM IN THY POWER! I WILL TELL THEE OF THE CURSE... THOUGH MY BODY DIES, MY SOUL WILL LIVE ON IN SOMEONE ELSE AND DESTROY THE USURPER WHO TRIES TO PURLOIN MY SECRET! IT IS DONE! YOU ARE TOO LATE! TOO LATE!



THAT'S IT! MEEK IS GOING TO KILL TONY! GREAT SCOTT! I ONLY HAVE TEN SECONDS TO GET BACK.



MEANWHILE, IN THE PRESENT TIME, MEEK CONTINUES TO STARE AT TONY.



YOU'RE LOOKING AT ME SO STRANGELY, PROFESSOR MEEK... WHAT IS IT?



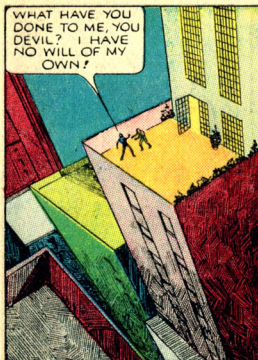
PROFESSOR MEEK? BAH! I AM RINLO DE MEEK, AND YOU ARE TRYING TO STEAL MY FORMULA FOR MAKING GOLD!



I AM GOING TO SEAL YOUR LIPS FOREVER!

MYSTIC! HELP ME!





WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME, YOU DEVIL? I HAVE NO WILL OF MY OWN!



HEE! HEE! OF COURSE YOU HAVEN'T! I AM YOUR GUIDING POWER...I'VE HYPNOTIZED YOU! GET UP ON THAT PARAPET! NOW JUMP!

OH! OH! I GOT BACK JUST IN TIME!



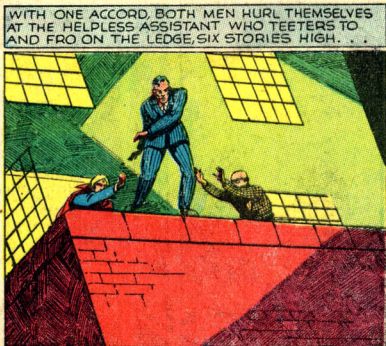
I COMMAND YOU TO STAND ROOTED TO THAT SPOT!



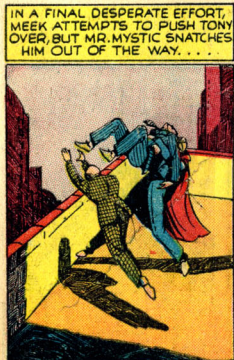
ANOTHER QUICK GESTURE AND I'LL HAVE YOU UNDER MY POWER, TOO! PRESTO... AND NOTHING HAPPENS!



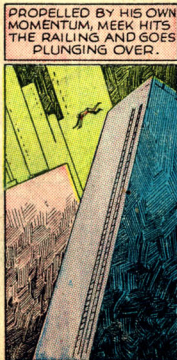
FOOL! YOU PUT ME UNDER YOUR SPELL ONCE LONG AGO, BUT YOU WON'T THIS TIME! TONY MUST DIE! I AM GOING TO KILL HIM, AND YOU CAN'T STOP ME!



WITH ONE ACCORD, BOTH MEN HURL THEMSELVES AT THE HELPLESS ASSISTANT WHO TEETERS TO AND FRO ON THE LEDGE, SIX STORIES HIGH...



IN A FINAL DESPERATE EFFORT, MEEK ATTEMPTS TO PUSH TONY OVER, BUT MR. MYSTIC SNATCHES HIM OUT OF THE WAY...



PROPELLED BY HIS OWN MOMENTUM, MEEK HITS THE RAILING AND GOES PLUNGING OVER.



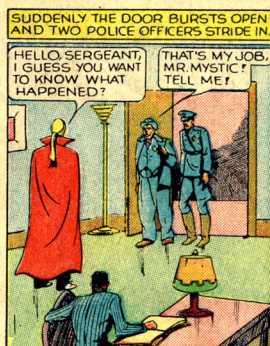
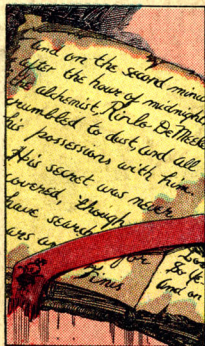
DOWN, DOWN, HE PLUMMETS TO HIS DEATH, FAR BELOW.



W-WHAT HAPPENED?

MEEK WENT BERSERK AND TRIED TO PUSH YOU OVER THE EDGE, BUT FELL OVER HIMSELF!





QUICKLY MR. MYSTIC RELATES THE STRANGE SERIES OF EVENTS LEADING TO MEEK'S DEATH.





# THE SHADOW OF THE BAT

**Bumblebeeman (Udo P.)**  
(1961-08-13 - 2009-06-27)

**We Will Never Forget ...**



**FLATTERMANN**